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MEETING OF BRITISH AND AUSTRIAN MONARCHS.



Ischl, in Upper Austria, where King Edward and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria met yesterday. King Edward stayed there last night, and leaves about noon to-day for Marienbad. Portraits of the two Sovereigns are inserted in the photograph.

"DAILY MIRROR" SAND CASTLES AT BROADSTAIRS.



Hundreds of children set to work building sand castles for the *Daily Mirror* competition at Broadstairs. General admiration was expressed at the ingenuity displayed in design and construction. A photograph of the first-prize castle, built by Master B. Hickman and his assistants, is reproduced above.

WELL PLAYED.



R. A. Duff played a magnificent innings for Australia at the final Test match at the Oval yesterday.



W. Brearley, the Lancashire fast bowler, who succeeded in dismissing Trumper for four runs at the opening of Australia's first innings.



Cotter was bowling in the best form he has yet shown, and succeeded in taking seven of the ten English wickets.

LAGGARD PEACE.

Russia Concede Only Three Points in Dispute.

SIFTING THE TERMS.

Wily Manœuvres to Set Other Nations Against Japan.

Whilst Russia may have agreed to three important demands of Japan, the circumstance does not altogether justify the extreme optimism revived in some quarters as to the outcome of the Russo-Japanese Conference, which was resumed at Portsmouth yesterday.

Certain messages from Reuter's and other correspondents show that such questions as "reimbursement" and the cession of Saghalien—on which the widely-expected breach will take place—are as yet to be kept in the background.

When the Conference met yesterday it was decided, so it was said, to postpone these questions in the hope of avoiding a deadlock at the present moment, and the general opinion is that the plenipotentiaries will make much progress as they can on points of comparatively easy agreement before attacking the real and vital obstacles in the way of peace.

RUSSIA'S CONCESSIONS.

The substance of the three articles on which an agreement has been reached are:—

Russia's recognition of Japan's preponderant influence in Korea, Japan binding herself to recognise the suzerainty of the reigning family.

The mutual obligation of Russia and Japan to evacuate Manchuria. (The Russians claim this as much a victory for them as for the Japanese, inasmuch as the original demand was for Russia's evacuation only.)

The cession to China of the Chinese Eastern Railroad from Harbin southward. (The cession of this railroad to China leaves it to China and Japan to arrange between themselves the method of reimbursing the latter for her expenses.)

Amongst the articles discussed yesterday was that concerning Japan's disposition of the Port Arthur and the Liaoting leases, which M. Witte (says Reuter) is undoubtedly prepared to accept with slight modification.

THE WILY MUSCOVITE.

There can be little doubt that Russia, during the negotiations, will do all she can to entice Japan into a disclosure of her policy of conquest in Asia.

They will emphasise this with a view to show that the Japanese are seeking a preponderance in that part of the globe to the detriment of Europe.

If Russia can, in this way, secure the sympathy of the other nations, she will break off negotiations and continue the war, on the idea that she is fighting not only for herself but in the interest of the white races.

MOVE BY JAPANESE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—According to dispatches received here from the front the Chinese who had begun to return home are now migrating to the westward, in consequence of the Japanese having commenced some important manœuvres.—Exchange.

OFF TO THE BALTIC.

Magnificent British Fleet Leaves for Its Much-Talked-of Cruise.

The Channel Fleet and First Cruiser Squadron, which have been assembled in the Solent for the visit of the French Fleet, left Spithead yesterday, under the command of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, for the much-talked-of visit to the Baltic Sea.

The fleet contains eleven battleships, eight cruisers, and a number of torpedo destroyers, and twelve more destroyers left Sheerness a few hours later to join the main fleet in the North Sea.

The cruise will extend over a month, and the fleet will make its first call at Ynuiden to-morrow, when several of the officers will journey to Het Loo to be entertained at dinner by the Queen of Holland.

Swinemunde (Stettin), in the Baltic, will be reached on August 28 and Danzig on September 1. It was reported from St. Petersburg yesterday that the fleet would go as far north as Cronstadt.

The vessels are due at Lerwick (Shetland) on September 16.

KING AND EMPEROR MEET.

The Emperor Francis Joseph left Ischl yesterday afternoon to meet King Edward at Gmunden. The two monarchs returned to Ischl in company and dined together in the evening.

The semi-official "Freundenblatt" yesterday published an article warmly welcoming and praising King Edward.

MR. ROCKEFELLER RETRENCHES.

World's Richest Man, with £25,000 a Day, Reduces His Household.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—Another storm of indignation has been aroused against John D. Rockefeller because the richest man in the world has just decided that his household expenses are too heavy and has accordingly dismissed one servant and lowered the wages of others.

The Standard Oil King, whose millions have been called "tainted" and "ill-gotten," has been denounced in a hundred pulpits and in the newspapers throughout the States.

The latest outburst has arisen out of a visit Mr. Rockefeller paid to his New Jersey house last week.

He sent for his steward immediately, and after inspecting the accounts declared that he could not afford to have money wasted.

Accordingly he gave instructions that one man should be dismissed and the wages of others reduced by 10 per cent. to 20 per cent.

He would—despite the fact that he is reputed to have an income of £25,000 a day—look after the estate himself in future.

At the storm of angry denunciation and criticism which this act of domestic economy has provoked Mr. Rockefeller smiles in his cynical way.

Meanwhile Mrs. Rockefeller's health has broken down in consequence of the attacks upon her husband, and she is gradually failing.

TO PUZZLE THE ENEMY.

French Officer Invents Dummy Battery That Will Flash and Smoke Like Real Guns.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Lieutenant des Prades de Fleurelle, a French artillery officer, has invented an ingenious contrivance for drawing the fire of the enemy away from field-batteries.

He has made a dummy caisson with a false gun-muzzle projecting from it, and a mechanism for producing a flash like that of quick-firing guns.

The idea is to place similar "dummies" in view of the enemy, at some distance from the actual batteries, in order to divert their fire, the flashes being timed so as to correspond shot for shot with the detonations of the real cannon.

TEMPTING TO EMIGRANTS.

Panama Republic Gives Land Away and Lends Capital to Suitable Colonists.

Free grants of 247 acres are offered by the Republic of Panama to colonists.

As a further inducement the Republic will advance money to pay the passage of emigrants and their families, and a sum not exceeding £200 for the purchase of implements.

No interest will be charged for these loans, but repayment must commence when the first products of cultivation are sold.

Consuls of the Republic at ports of embarkation have power to advance loans to suitable emigrants whose characters bear investigation.

"WALKING FEVER."

Victim of Curious Complaint Travels from Nice to Paris Without Knowing It.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Recovering consciousness after being knocked down by a cab in Paris, a man asked "Where am I?"

"In the Boulevard des Italiens," said a bystander. "Yes, he answered, 'but in what country am I?'"

"You're in Paris!" replied a gendarme, thinking he had got hold of a lunatic.

"Heavens, have I walked as far as that?" exclaimed the poor fellow. He was an Italian, named Giovanni Mantifoli, who, stricken with "walking fever," had walked from Nice, almost without stopping, and with no idea as to where he was going.

His narrow escape cured him of the fever, and the Italian Consul is sending him home by rail.

HIS OWN LITTLE BROTHER.

A young man, named Smith, living at Norwich, hearing that somebody had been struck by a train and hurled into the River Wensum, joined the crowd which had collected.

Seeing something in the water which looked like a human being he pulled at it and brought out the body of a boy, his own brother.

EVICTED DUKE.

His Grace of Sutherland Definitely Closes Trentham Hall.

Owing to the pollution of the River Trent the Duke of Sutherland has now carried out the threat he made some time ago and closed Trentham Hall, his magnificent North Staffordshire residence.

This action of the Duke's has caused consternation among the surrounding villages. Many villagers were employed at the hall, and many others depended upon the purchases of supplies made for the hall for a large part of their livelihood.

The Duke has taken this step much against his wishes, as the pollution, which was at first a matter of mere inconvenience, had become an actual danger to the health of the residents of the hall.

The town of Stoke, with a population of 100,000, was the chief offender, and the Duke, after requesting the corporation to undertake remedial measures, even threatened proceedings to recover damages for his loss.

And although the Duke is the largest landowner in England, owning, beside Stafford House, in London, country residences in Shropshire, Golsop, and Sutherland, Trentham Hall is too splendid a place to be lightly abandoned.

Lord Beaconsfield, describing it in "Lothair," called it "an Italian palace of freestone—vast, ornate, and in scrupulous condition." It has a magnificent lake a mile long in the grounds, and the pollution of this water has led to its being closed.

The park will still be left open for the toilers in the potteries, but it is expected that Trentham will be developed for building purposes. It is reported that the Duchess has expressed the wish that eventually it will become a garden city.

DANGEROUS DIET.

Holiday-Makers Suffer from Eating Oysters, Shrimps, Cockles, and Ice-Cream.

Holiday-makers are particularly liable to contract typhoid fever.

This was the conclusion pointed to by several of London's medical officers of health in their annual reports issued yesterday.

The officer for Wandsworth reported that six cases of enteric fever in the borough were caused by food eaten at the seaside. One patient had died through oysters which he had eaten at Yarmouth. A brother and sister suffered through eating shrimps caught on the sands at a watering-place in Brittany.

Medical officers of many other districts give similar instances. Some cases were caused by eating ice-cream, others by eating cockles and oysters. One case was the result of eating oysters at Dinard, in France.

SPRATS FOR SARDINES.

Fish Famine on the Breton Coast Will Not Affect the British Breakfast Table.

Although sardines are reported to be very scarce this year, it is more than probable that quite as many as usual will be eaten.

They will really be sprats, sold as sardines, and so like them in taste that no one will be any the wiser.

"The serious part of the business is that the Breton fisherfolk will suffer," said an importer yesterday, "for many of them depend upon the sardine harvest. Hundreds of fishing-boats go out, but I am told that nearly all of these have returned empty, and that only a few have caught anything at all. Indeed, it is the worst season for sardines for many years."

"The consumer will not suffer, though, for he will go on eating sprats and not know the difference. About two-fifths of the fish which are sold in England as sardines are sprats."

HEAVIEST MAN AT MARIENBAD.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—The heaviest patients in Marienbad just now are an Egyptian from Cairo of medium height, weighing 476 English pounds (4 stone), and a Russian from Rostow, who is very tall, weighing 352lb.

The excitable Egyptian has lost 36lb. in three weeks.

BRITISH STEAMER STRIKES A REEF.

COLOMBO, Tuesday.—The British steamer *Cradock*, of 4,210 tons, bound from Batavia to America, struck on a reef in the Cardiva Channel of the Maldiv Islands on August 7, and is leaking.

The chief officer arrived with the news yesterday, and a tug will leave here for the Maldives to-morrow.—Reuter.

That a French sailor had died there after a quarrel with an English bluejacket is emphatically denied from Portsmouth, and no local hospital records such a case during the stay of the French fleet.

WIDOW'S LONG LOVE QUEST.

Extracts Promise from Evasive Lover with a Revolver.

FROM CAPE TO KENT.

The story of a widow's extraordinary love quest was told to the Recorder of Liverpool yesterday when Mrs. Annie Andrews, formerly of Cape Town, laid a charge of stealing £4 against John William Riden, whom she had followed from South Africa.

Riden, it was stated, went to the Cape for the purpose of joining the Imperial Light Horse, and met Mrs. Andrews at Cumberland Hotel, where she was a barmaid. He took her with him to Salt River and installed her in the management of a cart, which for a time made a profit of £50 a week, but the takings fell off to £20 and Riden left.

In the meanwhile, according to Mrs. Andrews, he made love to her, and promised her marriage. So she followed him to Johannesburg, where he said he was going.

UNDAUNTED SWEETHEART.

On her arrival there she found he had gone to England. The widow, nothing daunted, sailed by the next boat, and, through the services of a detective, ascertained that Riden was at the New Inn, Maidstone. She went there, and, presenting a revolver at her traitor lover, asked him whether he intended to marry her.

"For peace and quietness," explained Riden to the Recorder, "I said I did." On the strength of this, Mrs. Andrews put up the banns at the parish church, but, at the end of a fortnight, Riden abruptly terminated his stay at Maidstone, and went to Liverpool again.

The lady followed, and she asserted that believing in another promise of marriage she lived with the man.

One morning, she said, he kissed her affectionately, went out, and did not return. She alleged that he took with him £4 belonging to her.

Again she found him at Maidstone, and, as he declined to return the money or marry her, she took out a warrant and had him arrested in Liverpool, where he had again flown to get out of her way.

Riden alleged that the whole proceedings constituted an act of vengeance. He was found not guilty, and was discharged.

IS CONFLICT INEVITABLE?

Master Cotton-Spinners Say They Will Resist Operatives' Demands.

Danger of a great cotton strike in the north has greatly increased. Yesterday members of the Federated Master Cotton-Spinners' Association endorsed the policy of the emergency committee in favour of resisting the demand of operatives for an advance of five per cent. in wages.

The situation is distinctly acute. The men have accumulated funds amounting to upwards of £1,000,000, a sum which is capable of keeping them on strike pay for six months.

QUEEN OF THE BOW.

Girl Violinist, Who Played in the Streets for Pears, Earns £2,000 a Month.

Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, will shortly make a five-month tour in America and Canada, receiving the princely salary of £2,000 a month.

Eight years ago Miss Hall, playing in the streets of Malvern with her father and sister, used to be glad to earn a penny by her music.

Five years later people gladly paid a guinea for standing room to hear the wonderful girl violinist, who received £500 for her first concert at the St. James's Hall.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Kaiser has instituted a military motor-car corps, consisting of thirty-three automobiles, which will take part in the September army manœuvres.

Many lives have been lost and a whole village has been swept away, states an Exchange telegram from Lahore, by a flood following an earthquake in the Kangra Valley.

Two Englishmen in a sailing boat at Wilhelmshaven have, states the "Vossische Zeitung" (Berlin), been arrested on a charge of espionage. They had been taking photographs.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Fairly to variable breezes; fine to unsettled and thundery, with local storms. Lighting-up time, 8.20 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

DISADVANTAGES OF DRY SUMMER.

How Thousands of Little Lives
Could Be Saved.

DEADLY DUST AND FLIES.

"There is a great deal of sickness in London as a result of the dryness of the summer," said an eminent Harley-street physician yesterday.

"Among adults the most common complaint is a comparatively mild one. That is what is known as 'summer sore throat,' caused by the dust which, containing thousands of minute particles of poisonous matter and bacilli, is inhaled with the air.

"People who live in roads paved with asphalt are the chief sufferers from painful throats, for the dust blows most easily from a smooth-surface road.

"The horse is mainly responsible for the commonness of summer sore throats. Not until we have a motor-car revolution shall we know what pure air is.

Deadly Domestic Fly.

"It is the children, though, who are suffering most seriously. They are dying this summer like the flies which are partly responsible for their illness."

The physician told the *Daily Mirror* that every children's hospital in London is crammed with children suffering from the "summer sickness." The children afflicted are under two years of age, and most of them are not twelve months old. Outside a hospital they have no chance of life. Inside one out of every three must die.

"The fact that the summer has been dry increases the liability to sickness," said the doctor, "because of the fact that babies perspire more freely, and therefore, lose more of the salt which should help them to fight disease.

"A fly in a town is almost as deadly as a tiger, for, after alighting on impure matter in the streets, it goes straight to the milk-jug and washes itself free of the deadly bacilli it has picked up.

"In the milk the bacilli increase in number so rapidly that what should be health-giving nourishment becomes a deadly poison."

Physician's Advice to Mothers.

The physician gave for publication in the *Daily Mirror* advice which, if followed by mothers, generally, he said, would send down the infantile death-rate by 75 per cent. It was as follows:—

Always boil the baby's milk when it is received, and reboil it before every meal.

Use a feeding-bottle without a rubber tube and with the teat directly attached to the bottle.

Scrub the bottle daily with hot water and soap mixed with sand.

Wash the bottle after every meal. Never let the milk stand in the bottle.

When not in use keep the bottle in a basin containing a weak solution of permanganate of potash.

Put a little salt in the baby's milk.

Keep the milk in a pudding-basin—not in a jug—and cover it with a plate.

Give the child an occasional drink of cold water, which has been boiled.

"Some doctors say that boiled milk causes rickets," said the physician, "but I reply that more children die of summer disease in one August than die of rickets in twelve years.

Effects of the Rain Famine.

"This year's rainfall has been deficient in all districts of the United Kingdom except the north of Scotland," said an official of the Meteorological Office. The deficiency varies from 1 per cent. in the north of Ireland to 30 per cent. in the north-east of England. The excess in the north of Scotland is 20 per cent.

"It is rather curious that although the rainfall generally has been deficient, the number of wet days has been above the average in all districts except the north-east and the north of England. In North Scotland the excess is as great as 25 per cent."

The year's weather may be summarised as follows:—

	Wet days.	Ins. of rain.	Hours of sunshine.
England, N.E.	94	9.4	1,082
England, S.	102	14.6	1,144
England, E.	101	11.4	1,193
England, N.W.	115	16.7	1,086
England, S.W.	114	18.3	1,074
England, Midland	105	12.6	1,035
Scotland, N.	145	29.7	831
Scotland, E.	127	14.5	901
Scotland, W.	127	25.5	1,080
Ireland, N.	142	20.6	1,071
Ireland, S.	130	20.3	1,000
Channel Islands	121	18.3	1,218

London's weather this year may be compared as follows with that of the two preceding ones:—

	Hours of sunshine.	Rainfall.
1905	862	14.7
1904	933	12.37
1903	859	24.25

Meteorologists generally are anticipating heavy rainfall at the end of the present month.

ENGLAND TO BE ROUSED.

Chamber of Commerce Decides To
Support Lord Roberts's Appeal.

The country is to be roused.

This is, in effect, the reply of the London Chamber of Commerce to Lord Roberts's remarkable appeal, made through its members, that our existing military organisation should be strengthened by universal training and service for home defence.

After having had time for individual consideration of Lord Roberts's appeal the General Purposes Committee of the Chamber met yesterday and decided upon preliminary measures.

It resolved to communicate with every chamber of commerce, asking them to arrange public meetings with a view to Lord Roberts's opinion of the military situation being presented and the steps that he advocates being taken.

The Chamber likewise resolved to communicate with the Lord-Lieutenants and high sheriffs of counties, with a view to their convening a public county meeting for the same purpose.

After the holiday recess a joint meeting of the Naval and Military Defence Committee and the Council of Chamber will be held to consider any further action.

The co-operation of the Naval and Military Defence Committee means that the same organisation which previously led to the increased efficiency of the Navy is identifying itself with Lord Roberts's scheme for the improvement of the military defences.

"LEARN TO HANDLE A GUN."

Lord Roberts's Advice Significantly Repeated
by a Welsh Coroner.

As Herbert Lightwood, carrying a double-barrelled shot-gun, was passing through a field, the weapon went off, and his father, Mr. Samuel Lightwood, residing near Ruabon, fell fatally wounded.

After five days of agony, no fewer than 110 shots having entered his back, death ensued, and the jury yesterday decided it was accidental.

"H," said the coroner, "young men would take the advice of Lord Roberts and learn how to handle a gun, such accidents would be prevented."

MAN-HUNT IN THE WOODS.

Fugitive Evades a Large Body of Searchers
Scouring the Country.

The Roath police are scouring the country between Cardiff and Penylan for Henry Heathfield, who should have appeared on a theft charge at the Roath Court to-day, and who made a daring escape from the local police station.

Whilst under arrest, he was left to go to the prison lavatory. He immediately broke open a door leading to the prison yard, scaled a wall, and fled.

The district in which he is hiding is covered with extensive woods that afford excellent opportunities of concealment.

Although Heathfield has been seen to break cover three or four times, the efforts of a force of about twenty police to capture him have met with no success.

RESCUING A RESCUER.

Gallant Conduct of a British Officer, Whose
Promptitude Saved Life.

Seeing a hat and jacket floating on the Thames, Captain Burdett Philips, of the British Residency, Northern Nigeria, who was fishing in a hansom along the Embankment, jumped out, and swam towards the spot where Margaret Dunne had flung herself into the water.

Though unable to find her, the gallant captain was able to rescue Mr. C. Orchard, who had become exhausted while vainly trying to drag the struggling woman to the Embankment steps.

At the inquest on Dunne yesterday, the jury asked that the conduct of Captain Burdett Philips and Mr. Orchard should be reported to the Royal Humane Society.

TAKING A LIGHTER VIEW.

In his landlady's eyes H. Farmer, of Tufnell-park, was not a desirable tenant. She prosecuted him yesterday for obtaining food on false pretences, because a small cheque he had given her had not been met.

Taking, however, a lighter view of the case, the magistrate remanded Farmer on bail so that he might find the 25s. due to the irate lady.

At Belle Vue Zoological Gardens, Manchester, a five-year-old boy named Harold Norris approached too near to a wolf's cage, and the animal bit his finger. Amputation at the hospital was necessary.

SCANDALOUS SECT.

Smyth-Piggott's New-Born Child
Hailed as Divine.

"ABODE OF LOVE."

After three years of obscurity, that notorious blasphemer, Smyth-Piggott, the leader of the sect of the Agapemonites, has emerged once again into the glare of publicity.

A son has been born to him in the Abode of Love, the mysterious retreat where he and his disciples hide, at Spaxton, near Bridgewater, and been registered under the name of Glory. The mother's name is given as Ruth Reece, a lady of independent means.

She is only a new-comer in the Abode of Love, and is firmly convinced that her son is divine, and will carry on the work of "redemption" which his father has begun.

The sect of Agapemonites was founded some years ago by "Brother" Prince, who, however, claimed no higher position for himself than that of a St. John the Baptist, preaching the immediate reincarnation of the Messiah. Converts



SMYTH-PIGGOTT.

flocked to him, especially hysterical women with money. The famous Abode of Love was formed, and a church built at Clapton.

Blasphemous Claim.

The obscurity the Agapemonites sought lasted until September 8, 1902, when Smyth Piggott, an æsthetic, earnest-looking young man, who had succeeded "Brother" Prince, made the following declaration from the pulpit at Clapton:—

And I, who speak to you to-night—I am that Lord Jesus Christ who died and rose again, and ascended into Heaven! I am that Lord Jesus come again in my own body to save those who come to me from death and judgment. Yes! I am he that liveth, and behold I am alive for ever more!

The assembled congregation accepted him as what he said, but not so the rest of England. Angry crowds assembled to stop his public blasphemy, and Piggott fled to the shelter of the Abode of Love.

And there, with the money which deluded women have laid at his feet and at those of his forerunner, "Brother" Prince, he and his disciples have had a life of ease and luxury.

Mysterious reports of women entering the Abode and not returning have circulated through the country-side, but the life of the "Saints" has been too well guarded for the full truth to be known.

CAPTAIN'S HOME TROUBLES.

Wife of Well-Known Author and Journalist
Has To Earn Her Own Living.

Captain C. Darnley Stewart Stephens was summoned yesterday at the West London Police Court at the instance of his wife, who desired a separation order.

On her behalf Mr. Hanna stated that the captain was a well-known writer on military topics, a war correspondent, and a contributor to "Vanity Fair."

For the past three years the defendant had not contributed to his wife's support, and she was finally obliged to leave him and make her own livelihood as teacher of physical culture.

Separation order granted with allowance of £2 a week.

AUDACIOUS DEFENCE.

On behalf of a man employed by a bookmaker in street betting transactions, who was charged with appropriating his employer's money, it was urged yesterday at the South-Western Police Court that as street betting was illegal, the employer had no claim, and there was nothing to prevent the man keeping the money entrusted to him.

But the accused was committed for trial.

INVASION OF LONDON.

Amazing Increase in the Influx of
Tourists from Abroad.

London this year is fuller of foreigners than ever.

Around Charing-Cross they swarm all day long—long-limbed American men and trim, prim American women, Germans bubbling over with "Ach's" and "So's," French people talking gaily—they have taken possession of the central districts of the capital altogether.

Even in Jubilee Year there were not so many visitors from abroad in London as there are now.

From America alone fully 60,000 tourists have seen the sights of the metropolis during the past three months. The number of German visitors has been estimated at 21,000, an increase of 25 per cent. over last year.

But the greatest increase has been in our French guests, who have flocked over in twice the numbers recorded in former years.

"This has been a record-breaking year for tourist traffic to England," said the London manager of the American Express Company to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"We have handled fully 40 per cent. more American sightseers than we did last year."

Owing to the homeward rush for America, no bookings for family parties can be obtained before October 6. Practically all the large steamers are booked to the limit up to September 22.

Five million pounds is the estimated sum that the American tourists will leave behind them in Europe after their summer invasion.

The American visitor of ordinary means spends between £100 and £200 on his holiday in Europe. The rich American spends at least ten times as much.

BOOM IN SILK HATS.

Increased Demand for "Toppers" a Sign of
Improving Trade.

England's imports of hats for June last were worth £24,178, or £9,164 more than in the corresponding month of last year.

This goes to prove that trade is improving generally, and that the efforts of the "hatless brigade" are non-availing.

A well-known hatter in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the trade in silk hats is very busy just at present.

"This present year must have been an exceedingly busy one in the City," he said, "for when things are going well on 'Change the stockbrokers are always stepping across for new hats."

"In fact, a hatter can always feel the pulse of trade generally by the number of top-hats he sells."

SPLENDID HOP YIELD.

Pleasant Kentish Crop to Rejoice the Heart
of the Brewer.

"Hops should be both cheap and good this year," said an expert, who had just returned from an inspection of the Kentish fields yesterday.

"The weather has been good—we have had very few cold snaps to spoil the crop—and there has been a notable absence of insects."

"It is too early yet to say exactly what the prices will be, we shall not have any hops in the market for ten days, and that will be a day or two earlier than usual."

"But, although of course it will not affect the price the public will have to pay for beer—the brewers make their beer of different qualities, and do not alter prices—I should say that this year brewers will use more hops and fewer substitutes. The beer should be of good quality and thoroughly wholesome."

MINISTER SAVED £20.

Conviction of Advocate of Muscular
Christianity Quashed by Recorder.

The Recorder of Liverpool, on the appeal of the Rev. Reginald Horner, yesterday quashed a conviction passed upon that gentleman a fortnight ago for a certain offence.

Mr. Horner is a minister of the Free Church and is a devotee to Sandow exercises and fresh-air baths. He had been following these exercises in his bedroom at an early hour in the mornings.

Unknown to the minister, owing to the transparency of the blinds, he was visible to a number of work-girls, and they laid an information, the magistrate fining him £20.

DESIRED A CHEAP FUNERAL.

The late Brigade Surgeon John Barclay Scriven, who left estate valued at £10,000, in a codicil to his will directed that his funeral expenses should not exceed £15.

TRAGIC FALL FROM A BALCONY.

Mrs. Hawtreys Death Stated To Be
Due to Accident.

LONELY INVALID LIFE.

Remarkable details were given in the Kensington Coroner's Court yesterday concerning the somewhat mysterious accident which befell Madeline Harriett Hawtreys, aged forty-seven, who died from the effects of a fall on July 19 from the balcony of the Alexandra Hotel, Kensington.

Mr. Greville Massey Chester, a member of the Stock Exchange, who identified the body as being that of his half-sister, said she was the wife of Mr. Charles Hawtreys, the actor.

The Coroner: She was separated from him?

Mr. Chester: Yes, she divorced him.
Continuing, he said that his half-sister had been living at Alfred-place, W., for the past three or four years, and had been in an extremely bad state of health from rheumatism and paralysis.

Coroner: Was she perfectly sane?

Mr. Chester: Absolutely. I have never heard her threaten to take her life, and she had no reason to do so.

Had she seen her husband?—Not for the past seven years, excepting on the stage.

Whist Watching a Wedding.

Annie Lowe, lady's-maid, said for some time past Mrs. Hawtreys had had to be attended by nurses. During the last two years she had been unable to walk, and had had to be carried about. On the day in question Mrs. Hawtreys went out on the balcony of the hotel to watch a wedding. She was left for a moment, and when witness returned she had disappeared.

Coroner: Was the balcony higher than Mrs. Hawtreys was when sitting?

Lowe: A little.
Nellie O'Carroll, a nurse who had been in attendance, said Mrs. Hawtreys never had any delusions and had never threatened her life.

She had frequently been on her own balcony at the hotel, but on July 19 she went up to the one over the hotel entrance to witness a wedding.

Could she see from the chair on which she sat?—She would have to reach over a bit. She was at times subject to fainting-fits.

William Coleman, carriage attendant at the Alexandra Hotel, deposed that on Saturday, July 19, between one and two o'clock, whilst he was on duty outside the hotel, Mrs. Hawtreys fell from the balcony on to the pavement near him. She fell on her head. When picked up she was insensible, and was taken to St. George's Hospital.

Cabman's Remarkable Evidence.

Henry Benn, a cab-driver, who was on the rank opposite the hotel, said he saw Mrs. Hawtreys brought on to the balcony. He saw her lean over, and said to a fellow driver on the rank: "If she is not careful she will come over."

Coroner: What then?—Well, I saw her lift her skirts up and step on to the balcony, and then I saw her coming over screaming.

What was the impression on your mind?—Well, I cannot tell. I cannot say what was attracting the lady's attention. There was nothing unusual going on, and nothing passing by. She lifted her skirts; then she stepped up, and put her knee right on to the balcony and over her came. It seemed to me she deliberately got on. There was a hoarding over the front.

She may have got into that position to look under the hoarding?—She may have done it, but it did not look to me as if that was the case. It looked a deliberate act, but with what intention I cannot say. She turned a complete somersault.

Theory of Suicide.

Coroner: Are you quite sure you thought she was going to take her life?—Yes, sir, I thought so.

Dr. H. Hoare, who attended Mrs. Hawtreys for some time prior to and after the fall, stated that at the state of her mind she was absolutely sane. The injury sustained in the fall was a fractured skull, and death was due to exhaustion following it.

The coroner remarked that in his view death was due to purely an accident, but if the jury had any doubt in their minds he would sum up at length.

It seemed to him that the lady lived a very monotonous life through her illness, and any little excitement such as the wedding would be welcome to her, and in order to see all she could she would have to look under the hoarding, and that no doubt accounted for the accident, as he thought it was.

The jury expressed an opinion at once that death was an accidental one, and the coroner registered that verdict.

WOMAN IN WHITE BY THE LEA.

Seeing Sarah Ann Patmore, a married woman, of Little Hill, Clapton, running in her night-dress towards the River Lea after midnight, a constable intercepted her.

She said she was in great trouble about her rent, and meant to drown herself, and while speaking made a vain dash towards the river.

MAJOR'S £1,350.

Imputes Perjury to Lady Who Won
Heavy "Breach" Damages.

A sequel to a breach of promise action, in which Major Apthorpe, formerly of the 19th Hussars, and living in Park-street, had to pay £1,350 damages, was a summons for perjury brought at Bow-street by the major against the lady, described as Sydney Georgia Annette Scrope Meaton, otherwise Ferrers.

The case put by counsel on behalf of the major was that in an affidavit the present defendant had described herself as a spinster, whereas the major had every reason to believe she was a married woman.

She also laid great stress on the fact that she was the daughter of the late Mr. Ferrers, representing to the jury that she was an orphan, but it had been discovered that her father was alive.

Asked by the magistrate if all these facts had not come before the Court of Appeal, which had refused a new trial, counsel replied that "the whole thing was snuffed out and his client never had a hearing."

It was also alleged against the defendant that she had never asked the major for money, but he had letters containing such requests.

In his evidence the Major frankly admitted that since this action he had written to the defendant a letter which was absolutely as strong as he could make it with decency, denouncing her and others as rogues, impostors, and swindlers.

He did that in the hope of compelling them to take an action for slander against him.

The summons was adjourned.

DEVEREUX'S LAST WORDS.

Upon the Scaffold Declared Himself Innocent
of the "Trunk Tragedy."

Protesting to the last that he was innocent of the crime of poisoning his wife and two children, Arthur Devereux was hanged at Pentonville yesterday for the Kensal Rise "trunk tragedy."

Just before he left his cell for the scaffold Devereux was asked whether he had anything to say. He replied: "I have nothing further to add to what I have already said."

These were his last words. He was very pale, but did not flinch in the presence of the instruments of execution.

Outside the prison a large crowd of morbid sight-seers assembled to witness the arrival and departure of the officials.

WHAT PEOPLE DRINK.

Lord Iveagh Says Stout, at Any Rate, Is Not
Falling Into Disfavour.

Unlike other beers, it would appear that stout is not falling away in public appreciation, to judge from the report presented at the annual meeting of Arthur Guinness, Son, and Co., held yesterday at Salisbury House.

Although, according to Lord Iveagh, who presided, the profits of the last two years had been adversely affected, the sales for the year still showed an increase, and had even established a further record.

The total dividend declared was equal to that of the previous year—20 per cent.

SCHOOL NOT FOR BABIES.

Improvement of the Race Aimed at by
L.C.C.'s New Decision.

It is believed that the development of baby intelligence at school, when it should be devoted to toys, is one cause of the continued growth of insanity, says the "Hospital" in welcoming the decision of the Education Department of the London County Council to allow masters to exclude infants under five from school.

Our contemporary's only regret is that the measure is not compulsory, as many masters will retain those children whose parents are at work all day, but Sir William Anson anticipates that this difficulty will be met by public nurseries.

In any case the new decision is a distinct step for the benefit of the generations to come.

NOT BEEN RIGHT SINCE.

"I have not been right since my young man tried to murder me on Blackheath a fortnight ago."

Clara Stoncham, the sweetheart of Driver Jesse Smith, is alleged to have said this to a policeman, who found her sitting on the heath yesterday morning, with a bottle of salts of lemon in her hand, which she is now charged with having threatened to take.

Three officers and fifty men of the Highland Light Infantry have arrived at Ballater to form the Queen's bodyguard at Balmoral.

"MERCY FOR DAD."

Touching Appeal to a Magistrate by a
Fourteen-Year-Old Stepdaughter.

The climax of pathos was reached yesterday in the pathetic case in which Walter Poppie, of Walworth, is charged with the murder of his two little children.

The facts of the crime, committed when Poppie was driven to despair by the lack of work, were repeated at Lambeth yesterday, when the fourteen-year-old stepdaughter related how she woke up to find her two sisters dead, and then saw her stepfather try to cut his throat.

As she finished her evidence she turned pitifully to the magistrate and, in pleading tones, urged: "Please, sir, will you have mercy on my dad? He has been so good to us."

Poppie was committed to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court.

OUR SAND CASTLE CONTESTS.

Prizes for Yarmouth Castle-Builders on
Friday.

On Friday the *Daily Mirror* will hold a castle-building competition on the sands at Yarmouth between two and five o'clock.

Prizes of £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. will be awarded to the competitors whose work is adjudged best.

Anyone under the age of twenty-one years, boy or girl, resident or visitor, may enter. Competitors may work by themselves or in a party, but no party must exceed six persons.

Small children need not be discouraged from entering by the fact that they will have to compete with their elders. Some of the youngest competitors in the great contests held at Ramsgate, Margate, and Broadstairs were among the winners.

MISS DOUGHTY'S FATE.

Home Secretary Expected To Give His
Decision Before He Leaves Town To-day.

The decision of the Home Secretary in the case of Miss Doughty, who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for the attempted murder of Mr. Swan and his son, may be announced at any moment.

Signed by 30,000 persons, the petition which has been organised in her favour has, for over a week, been in the hands of the authorities, and it is expected that Mr. Aker-Douglas, who is to leave town to-day, will give his reply before his departure.

Miss Doughty has been improving of late, but she is not yet out of danger. She has been examined by two medical experts since the presentation of the petition.

CRUEL REPLY TO PROPOSAL.

Widow Absconds with Her Confiding Lover's
Hard-Earned Savings.

The little romance of a man named Marsh, of Chalfont St. Giles, who had worked hard to save £49 and who fell in love with a widow, terminated prosaically in the Beaconsfield Police Court yesterday.

To the widow, Margaret Dewfall, he suggested that she should have a month to consider his proposal of marriage, but during the time Mrs. Dewfall went off with his money, which she spent in visiting a number of places.

The ardent lover, in giving evidence yesterday, exclaimed to Mrs. Dewfall's niece: "I should like to be your uncle, but don't expect I shall be now."

Sentence of four months' hard labour was passed on the widow.

TRAMCAR'S HEADLONG RUSH.

Whirls Downhill While the Driver Struggles
with Injuried Passenger.

While riding on an electric tramcar at Walthamstow, J. E. Tucker, of Leyton, not only refused to pay his fare, but attempted to fling the ticket-inspector over the side of the vehicle.

Then, rushing down the steps, he struggled with the driver, while the tramcar whizzed at full speed down a long hill with no one to control it.

This was the story related at Stratford yesterday, when Tucker was fined 30s.

LEAPED ACROSS FLAMES.

Exciting scenes occurred at a fire yesterday at the London Soap and Candle Company's premises in New Bond-street, many girls employed on the upper floors having to make a hurried exit.

A boy, whose escape was barred by a wall of flame, made a running jump and was caught by a bystander.

ARE HOLIDAYS ANY GOOD?

Interesting but Diverse Views of
"Daily Mirror" Readers.

"WE ARE NOT MACHINES."

The letter which we published yesterday from a member of a well-known City firm, denouncing holidays has evidently opened up a subject on which many people have strong views.

One letter, from a doctor, denounces the craze for holiday-making quite as strongly as that in yesterday's issue, while a letter from a firm of employers throws an interesting light on the subject.

I am thankful that at last someone has had the sense to protest against the absurdity of the annual summer holiday. Only a little calm reflection is necessary to realise how foolish an institution it is. From the health point of view it is bad—from the business point of view worse.

For eleven months in the year the average man leads a sedentary life. At a moment's notice he rushes into a complete change of existence. The man who spends his days in an office in a relaxing neighbourhood packs his bag, takes train to the most bracing spot at which he can find rooms, and proceeds to take unlimited violent exercise. He cannot understand why he is no better for the change.

Yet that same man, if he were not on a holiday, would talk about the necessity of getting "acclimatised" to a new district.

His position in taking a sudden holiday, strongly contrasted with his ordinary existence, is on a par with that of a man who, being ordered a course of medicine, swallows the whole at one dose.

Surely to-day, when a knowledge of the elements of hygiene is almost universal, it is not necessary to draw attention to the fact that there is a wide difference between fresh air and a draught, moderate feeding and starvation, healthy systematic exercise and occasional physical exhaustion.

For young children to be dragged from their quiet normal life to new surroundings, new occupations, and especially to new climatic conditions, is little less than criminal.

And the disorganisation of business by the craze for holiday-making is a real national danger. For over two months in the year the answer to any suggestion of enterprise is invariably "Better wait till after the holidays." During August business is practically at a standstill.

If only people would go quietly on with their work in their normal surroundings, instead of rushing off to squander their savings in a form of life to which they are unaccustomed, they would be better off in health and pocket. And the nation as a whole would be better off, too. M.B., C.M.

In answer to your question, "Are holidays any good?" we enclose you a letter received from one of our employees, who, after a fortnight's holiday, was due back at business yesterday morning.

LEY AND CO.

26, Neal-street, Covent Garden.

Dear Sir—I have arrived back, but I am sorry to say I have a severe cold in my face and head, which prevents me being at work this morning. I hope it will not inconvenience you. I will do my best to be at work to-morrow morning.—Yours faithfully,
August 14, 1905.

If it were not for holidays we should turn into machines, or, rather, parts of one big machine. It is only during holidays that we have an opportunity of realising that we have other interests in life besides the making of money.

Show me the man or woman who never takes a holiday, and I will show you a person of narrow ideas and few interests. If we are to get any joy and beauty out of life we must have holidays in which to do so. B. L. F.

Farringdon-street, E.C.

A month ago I left London feeling ill and weak. I had had many months of hard work, and was mentally exhausted. After a fortnight's complete rest in Norfolk I was my old self, and another week of bracing air and exercise made me fitter in mind and body than I have been for many years.

I am back at business with clear head and steady hand, ready to do good work again.

That hardly looks as though holidays were a failure. BRAIN-WORKER.

West Hampstead.

£5 Notes Given Away.

CARRY

"ANSWERS."

THAT IS ALL.

To-day at Sheffield.

To-morrow at Southsea.

DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the Bonmartini Murder.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

In the previous chapter we told something of the early life of Linda, Countess Bonmartini, who was the central figure in the amazing Italian murder case last week. We told of a girlish love affair with her father's assistant, Carlo Secchi, and her meeting and marriage with Count Bonmartini.

CHAPTER II.

So Linda Murri, the scientist's daughter, became Countess Bonmartini, the wife of an aristocrat. The time came for the Count to bring his beautiful wife home.

"Would you like to go to Padua or Bologna?" he asked her.

"Padua," replied Linda. "She had effaced all her unpleasant memories of her girlhood, and did not wish to recall them."

They returned to Padua and the Bonmartini palace. "We will ask Tullio to visit us," suggested the Count.

"Cesco," replied his wife fondly, "I don't want Tullio. I don't want anyone but you."

Shortly after this Count Bonmartini was called away regarding some property. During his fortnight's absence the Countess wrote to her husband daily. Was he: "b-loved Ce-co lonely," she asked. "Did he long for his wife as much as she longed for him?"

BIRTH OF FIRST CHILD.

In July, 1895, the Countess's first child, a daughter, was born. "It was all we needed, this little Maria," she told her husband as he bent over to kiss mother and child, "surely our cup of happiness is full!"

In this household there was not one jarring note. Tullio, after a visit to Padua, declared to his father that Linda was supremely happy.

They are wrapped up in each other, and care for nothing in the world but themselves and the baby," he said.

"Mother," he continued, "can we not ask Linda to come and stay here?"

"Shall we go?" the Countess asked her husband when she had received her mother's letter.

Count Bonmartini would have left Italy if his wife had wished it, and accordingly a month later they removed to Bologna. It was an entirely different atmosphere there.

In place of the frivolities of a social life were intellectual gatherings. Linda took up her old life again with keen zest and proudly introduced her husband to the famous doctors and scientists they met.

"Cesco," she said, looking wistfully at her husband one morning, "wouldn't you like to study for something, to take your degree? Oh, I should be so proud."

ARISTOCRAT AMONG SCIENTISTS.

Some of the younger men covertly sneered at the Count's ignorance, and his wife resented it keenly.

"What shall I study?" he asked.

"Take medicine, Cesco," replied his wife, "and when you have taken your diploma you can become papa's assistant."

But the aristocrat was not a scholar, and, mortified, his wife perceived this. "Study hard, dear Cesco," she pleaded. "I shall be so happy in the thought of your success."

But success did not come, and from sly hints Count Bonmartini and his ignorance became the laughing-stock of the city.

One evening he returned to his wife, and in a fit of temper declared he would study no more. Tullio and Carlo Secchi, now a famous doctor, had that day spoken slightly of his chances of gaining a degree, and had advised him to return to the "dull aristocracy of Padua."

"Go to your father and tell him I will assist him now," said the Count angrily.

The Countess went to the professor, but the proposal was laughingly refused. "Dear Cesco is a humorist," declared the aged scientist.

The Count was furious. "I might have expected such treatment from people of no breeding," he said, and referred to the family as "Republican scum."

"I will not hear you speak of my father in that way," replied his wife, and left her husband alone.

(To be continued.)

16 PAGES IN COLOUR.

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WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Married People of Both Sexes Strike a Note of Pessimism.

FALSE OLD ADAGE.

There are scores of young men who would gladly give up single life, but owing to the low rate of wages are unable to do so. They can lead bachelors' lives in comparative luxury, but would find marriage one long struggle for existence.

We wonder really that anybody can find any truth in the adage, "Two can live as cheaply as one." Dulwich. Two UNWILLING BACHELORS.

ILLOGICAL CONCLUSION.

"Solomon I." is indignant at the idea of a wife making her husband look "insignificant before his friends." How presumptuous, indeed! And yet I notice that, in spite of the fact that his first and second wives proved hindrances to him, "Solomon I." has not hesitated to replace them by a third stumbling-block.

That seems illogical. Burnt cats ought to dread the fire. A VERY ORDINARY WOMAN. S. Norwood.

"GATHER YE ROSES WHILE YE MAY."

I quite agree with J. D. (Clapham) when he says that business girls have no time for domesticity.

After having been shut up for nine or ten hours in the day she naturally wants to forget all serious

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

The Rev. F. R. Wilson, formerly Wesleyan chaplain to Chatham Garrison, has severed his connection with the Wesleyans, with the object of taking Holy Orders in the Church of England.

Swansea's trade during last month was the largest on record, and 15 per cent. over that of July, 1904.

The Dowager Countess of Kinfor is suffering from shock through a motor-car colliding with her carriage at Ballater, N.B.

Through the sun striking through a piece of curved glass and being focussed on a tablecloth, a house was set on fire at Abingdon, Berks.

Only fourteen years of age is Master Willie Davies, Aberdare, the double prize-winner for the oboe solos at the National Eisteddfod.

Mr. Thomas Williams captained a cricket team consisting of himself and his ten sons at Long-wich, Bucks. The other side, the village club, were victorious.

After having been "killed" and carried some miles, a rabbit lying on a table at an inn at Cul-lompton, Devon, caused quite a scare by coming to life again.

"You will go to prison for fourteen days. They will find you some work there," said the magistrate at Walthamstow yesterday to three men charged with begging, who pleaded that they had had no work for many months.

FIRE-ENGINES IN FORCE IN BOND-STREET.



The Fire Brigade turned out in force to deal with an outbreak in Bond-street yesterday. It was found to be less serious than was at first anticipated, and was soon subdued, but for a time the smoke was so dense that the firemen had to use smoke-helmets.

maters, and to take necessary recreation, such as walking, dancing, etc. This is the only thing, at the present day, which keeps a girl young under the rush and strain of City life.

Some men expect a girl to sit indoors all her spare time, and sew, darn, study cookery-books, etc., in readiness for what may never come her way, namely, matrimony. But I think girls are right to enjoy life while they can. A CITY GIRL. Balham.

A MAN'S HARD CASE.

I quite agree with "Deserted Wife" that the laws of marriage and divorce are not what they ought to be.

Some may say, "Why not sue 'in forma pauperis'?" Well, I believe for that you must prove that you are not worth £25 after paying all your debts, and that your earnings are not more than £1 per week!

Five years since my home was broken up by my wife and I was left with my child to get on as best I can. The Divorce Court is not for a poor man's pocket.

I am told a divorce would cost from £20 to £30 at the very least.

I would marry again to-morrow had I the chance. There ought to be a cheaper and more direct method of getting a divorce.

A DESERTED HUSBAND.

The Editor desires to inform all those who have written asking to be put into communication with writers of letters on this topic that he cannot undertake to act as a private matrimonial agent. In one or two cases he has forwarded letters, but he regrets that he is unable to do this any more.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Lowestoft—
More Prize-Winners.

Four lucky people at Lowestoft can get half a guinea in exchange for the halfpenny expended in buying a copy of the *Daily Mirror* to-day.

On page 9 we reproduce a photograph of a group taken at Lowestoft. Look at the group and see if you can recognise your portrait.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final. To-morrow four half-guineas go to

EASTBOURNE.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at several more of the big seaside resorts including:—

Bournemouth.	Ilfracombe.	Walton-on-
Brighton.	Rhyl.	the-Naze.
Clacton.	Southport.	Weston-
Felixstowe.	Southsea.	super-Mare.
	Worthing.	

The prize-winners to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Cromer, are as follows:—

CROMER.

Master Algernon Norreys, c/o Mrs. Nicholls, 10, Central-road, Cromer.
Master Ray Abbott, Sunnyside, Cabbel-road, Cromer.
Miss Ada Canham, 89, Alexandra-road, Norwich.
Miss Nellie Silcock, Sunnyside, Cabbel-road, Cromer.

DESPONDENT "KAFFIRS."

Prices Decline on Further Liquidation by Tired Investors.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—Stock markets have on the whole been cheerful, thanks to the favourable peace and money news. The American market has been the most active, and a further improvement in values has taken place, but the close was not at the best.

The gilt-edged market showed a good amount of strength on the favourable money outlook, and Consols maintained the advance well, closing at 90 9-16.

The traffics published to-day were not considered satisfactory, and Dover "A" and Great Easterns showed some weakness, especially the former. Brighton "A" also declined further, but the Scottish group was strong on Glasgow buying. The Heavies were harder.

Canadian Pacifics showed some weakness at first on news of the land-slide, while the dividend was not altogether up to expectations, but they rallied smartly and closed strong. Grand Trunks moved up with them, and the Argentine Railway group was buoyant all round, Argentine Great Westerns and B.A. Pacifics being strong spots. Other Foreign Rails were active and strong, notably Manila debentures, Leopoldina, and United Havanas. Mexican Rails were steady to firm.

JAPANESE LOAN RALLY.

Peace talk favourably influenced Foreign stocks. The new Japanese loan rallied to 34 premium. There was nothing doing on Paris account, as the bourse was again closed, but Internationals were hard in tone. Rio Tintos were a firm feature among copper shares, and there was further bidding for Peruvians.

Kaffirs were in a very despondent mood, and further liquidation carried prices down, Goldfields, Modderfontein, and one or two other leading shares being rather weak features. There was, of course, no support from Paris, which is still keeping holiday. Westralians were irregular, Associated and Golden Horseshoes being offered, but Great Boulders and Great Fingalls bid for. West Africans were scarcely mentioned.

Anglo-American Telegraph "A" provided the chief sensation of the Miscellaneous market, they being at one time bid up to 14½. Hudson's Bays were strong, in sympathy with other Canadian things, and Pekin Syndicates were inquired for. Argentine Land shares of all kinds were in renewed demand.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1905.

THE MASQUERADERS.

THERE used to be a saying that "all claret would be port if it could." It was a proverbial way of expressing the general desire of human nature to be thought more important than it is.

We must change this now to "All Madeira would be brown sherry if it could." The wine of Madeira, which was once so popular, has, it seems, dropped out of fashion. It is only drunk now when it masquerades as sherry!

Well, well, it shares its fate with a great many other things, and a great many people, too. Take Brown's case, for example. Brown was in business, but could not make a living. So Brown decided to set up as a philanthropist, started a new society, enrolled wealthy people as subscribers, and in one way and another makes two thousand a year.

As Madeira he could find no market. (He has, between ourselves, no more business capacity than a camel.) As Brown Sherry he does very well indeed.

Then look at Dauber, the R.A. Dauber's talent really lies in painting quite little landscapes, pretty village street-scenes and the like. Such subjects are out of fashion. So Dauber determined to go in for imitating Sargent and painting slap-dash portraits. The critics smack their lips and say Dauber is brown sherry of the very best. They don't know the difference, you see.

Another case which will occur to you at once is that of Guggenheimer, who many years ago enriched England with his presence at the expense of his native Germany. The genuine Guggenheimer, in spite of his wealth, had no social success.

But what a change directly he altered his name to Gordon Ross, removed from Maidale to Portman-square, joined the British Empire League, leased a grouse-moor and a deer-forest, and started wearing a kilt. Society took him up with both hands, and the society papers now refer to him regularly in every other issue (terms on application) as "one of the few remaining Highland chieftains of the old school."

In the domestic sphere we find Madeira masquerading as often as in any other. There's Robinson, whom everyone knows to be an ass. Will you believe it that little humbug has managed to persuade his pretty wife that he's a genius? She firmly believes that his position in the City is that of a pillar of the financial world. Ludicrous, isn't it?

It must be admitted, though, that Mrs. Robinson does a little brown-sherrying. She is a motherly soul, loves her babies and her house and her husband better than all the gaities the world can offer. Yet she has to realise that domesticity is not fashionable.

See her goin' from one party to another and chattering in the artless society manner (dropping all her "g's"). You would never believe she had any interests except the Opera and the next race-meeting and the latest scandal, all of which she simply hates! She is longing all the time to go home and see how little Gwynny's new tooth is.

At the seaside there are oceans of Madeira pretending to be wine of a more fashionable kind. Young Smith, in a stockbroker's office, squares his shoulders and talks about "mess," and refers darkly to South Africa, in the hope that he will be taken for an officer home on leave. He does not actually wear a false label. He would not do that—for fear of being found out. But he does his best to lead people astray.

Not that he is any worse than some of the girls he meets, who would like him to believe they are the most delicate and expensive brand of port, while really they are claret of the most *ordinaire* description. What a masquerade it is! And you and I—are we any better than the rest? —H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Men love at first, and most warmly; women love last and longest. This is natural enough, for nature makes women to be wooed, and men to win.—G. W. Curtis.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

OF all the plenipotentiaries who are discussing the terms of peace at Portsmouth, U.S.A., Baron Komura has certainly excited the greatest interest amongst the Americans. In New York, where he stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria, he was, of course, besieged by demands for interviews and autographs and implored to give his impressions of the "glorious country." Baron Komura is, however, no stranger to America. He went there first as a young man to complete his education, and later on he represented his country as Ambassador there. He has always been a diligent student of American literature and admires Emerson perhaps more than any other Anglo-Saxon writer.

Baron Komura speaks English—or perhaps I should say American—with ease, and he has occasionally spoken in our language at the Harvard Club in Tokio—an institution founded for all those Japanese who are anxious to learn about American customs and language. That he is an amazingly clever diplomat he proved during the China-Japanese war, when he was secretary of the Peking Legation. Very thin, very short, with the high cheek-bones of his race, and a strangely dried-up

warmth come is a marvellous thing to see. On one of his voyages, by the way—his eleventh voyage to the Kara Sea, in 1894—his ship struck on some rocks in a fog. The travellers only just had time to secure a few provisions before putting off in boats to a bleak coast, where they were discovered, some time afterwards, by a Russian merchant.

Perhaps the most interesting birthday on my list to-day is that of Lord Hawke, who is forty-five. To the general public he is surely the best-known member of the peerage, and it would be difficult to express the enthusiasm which Yorkshiremen feel for him—no doubt, in old days, he would have been chosen feudal lord of the county. Whenever Lord Hawke goes on one of his Colonial tours he receives hundreds of letters, nearly all of them signed "Yorkshireman," congratulating or reproaching him for his achievement. Some of these letters make very comic reading. One of them was pleasantly laconic. It ran: "Dear Sir,—Three cheers! Bravo! Repeat the same! —Yours respectfully, Yorkshireman."

Occasionally bitter reproaches are showered upon the English captain. "Lord Hawke," wrote one, beginning thus abruptly: "It's the wishes of

assisted by the rector, the Rev. Charles N. Beldon. A feature of the wedding, unfamiliar at least to the English people present, was the matron of honour by whom the bride was attended. This was the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Webster, of London.

Down-trodden Poland has enlisted another champion in her famous son, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," who has just been sentenced to detention in his house for publishing an attack upon the Russian policy in regard to Polish schools. Hitherto Sienkiewicz has contented himself, I think, with an evasive policy towards Russia. Not long ago the Academy of Letters at St. Petersburg sent him letters of congratulation on the celebration of his twenty-five years of service to literature. The Polish patriot was in a great difficulty what language should he use in replying to the letter.

If he used Polish he would be considered as a man with treasonable thoughts against Russia; if Russian, he would certainly offend his own people. At last, after many hesitations, he solved the problem by writing in Latin. The story reminds one of the less diplomatic dealings of another famous Pole—Paderewski—with the Tsar, who congratulated the great pianist on the honour he brought to Russia. "I am not a Russian, but a Pole," said Paderewski, and was asked to leave St. Petersburg at once.

WILL HE SWALLOW THE PILLS?



The question of Peace or War, now trembling in the balance between the plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth, U.S.A., depends upon the Japanese demands for the cession of Saghalien and for a large indemnity. If Russia will not cede these points, the war must go on.

and faded aspect, Baron Komura is certainly one of the most interesting figures at present in the world of diplomacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, much to the disappointment of their friends, will not have a Doncaster party this year at Frankly Croft, for Mrs. Wilson is going off very early to the South of France in order to look after her new villa there, which they are expecting to occupy this winter.

Aix-les-Bains is now very crowded, and will be so for the next few weeks. There are almost as many English people there as foreigners, and amongst them may be mentioned Lord Kimberley, Sir Lewis Melver, Lord Revelstoke, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Benson, Sir George Cheyney, Mr. John Delacour, and Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven Pratt. A great dog show is to take place there in a few days, and at present the King of Greece, who is an old habitué of Aix, is the lion of the town.

The illness of Captain Joseph Wiggins, the well-known explorer who discovered the route to Siberia by the Kara Sea, is still causing a great deal of anxiety to his friends. Captain Wiggins knows Siberia from end to end, and by no means pictures it as a place of continued snows and desolation. He has seen the daffodils growing there two or three days after a snowstorm, and declares that the outburst of fruits and flowers when the first

many of your countrymen that yourself and team will be in better form to-morrow, and try and remove the disgrace you have brought upon your nation. You have emptied the pockets of your fellow working countrymen." Then followed an assertion that Lord Hawke, who is always a teetotaler during matches, had dined too well on Sunday to be able to play well on Monday.

The vigour of popular feeling Lord Hawke has experienced in ways other than epistolary. Mr. P. F. Warner has told how in the West Indies the Yorkshireman was regarded as "a sort of glorified being," and the man who bowled him out as a hero. The native cricketer out there is by no means correct in manner—his enthusiasm displays itself in most un-English ways. This was certainly the case with the black bowler who took Lord Hawke's wicket one day at St. Vincent. He was so enraptured that he promptly executed a series of somersaults down the pitch.

News of an interesting wedding reaches me from a correspondent at Geneva. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bowne Scott, of "Le Bogue," Miss Alys Puffer Scott, has just been married there to Mr. James Stowell Anthony, assistant president of the General Electric Company of New York. The civil marriage was performed by the Mayor of Vernier, and at the religious ceremony the Rev. Percy Gordon, of New Bedford, Mass., officiated,

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

HOW TO DISPOSE OF WASPS.

I was greatly amused at Mr. Wilkinson's letter. He says: "Ask your chemist for a stick of cyanide of potassium." This chemical is one of the deadliest poisons known, and comes under Schedule I. of the Poisons Laws.

No chemist who valued his reputation would sell potassium cyanide to any person other than a doctor, chemist, or professional photographer whom he knew personally. Mr. Wilkinson speaks of it in a very matter-of-fact sort of way, as if it was as simple as buying a stick of chocolate.

People who wish to take wasp' nests had better keep to the old-fashioned, but safe, way of stopping up the hole with smouldering brown paper, and not dabble with cyanide of potassium, one grain of which is sufficient to kill several persons.

CHEMIST.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Do you not think that the reason why readers do not answer your correspondent who doubts the success in life of Board school boys lies in this: That those who have reached a high standing in life prefer to remain silent, for the simple reason that Board school training is always looked upon as a humble education.

For this reason I am sorry I am unable to give you the names of personal acquaintances whose incomes would make the eyes of many University men glisten, and to which could be added names of two or three prominent artists and many other men of various professions, which University men seem to imagine are only open for their grave.

FRED REEKA.

"BARBARIC EARRINGS."

Your correspondent is very severe on the wearers of long earrings. There are very many people who greet with much pleasure the returning fashion of these attractive and becoming ornaments on a handsome woman.

The "barbarism" of piercing the ears exists only in imagination, for the operation is not only painless, and can be carried out by oneself, but is invariably most beneficial to weak eyes and pains in the head, especially if, as a remedy for the latter, earrings of some weight are worn. CLEOPATRA.

HOURS OF RAILWAY MEN.

I quite agree with Mr. Vivian Wood's statement regarding the long hours of railway men, especially signalmen.

He is wrongly informed, however, in saying that there is often only one man in a signal-box.

There is a rule according to which there must be at least two signalmen in the box at the same time, and it is quite exceptional for one of them to leave it more than a minute or two.

Hadley Wood. CLAUDE H. SIMMONS.

More letters from our readers on "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" and "Is There a Spirit World?" will be found on other pages.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 15.—Bees now invade the garden in great numbers. It is interesting to watch them leaving the lavatera covered with pink pollen, then delighting in the strange flowers of blue and white globe thistles.

Tiger lilies are in full bloom. Very striking they look in a wild mass. As their stems rise leafless from the ground it is best to pave the soil with green. One of the rock veronicas does this very charmingly.

E. F. T.

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

AT THE TEST MATCH.



Jackson and Fry, the heroes of England's first innings, going out to bat. Jackson, the foremost figure in the photograph, made 76 runs, and Fry 144, his first big score in a Test match.



Mornington Cannon, the well-known jockey, snapped at the Oval as he was chatting to R. H. Spooner, of the English Test match team. (He is standing on the right.)

DR. GRACE'S DOUBLE.



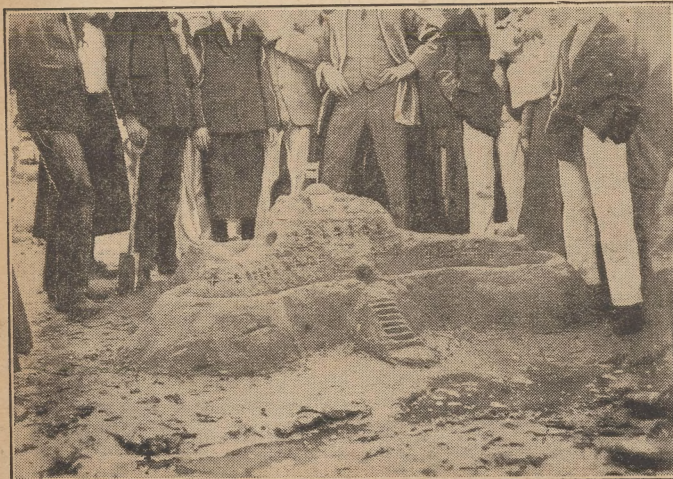
Mr. Alfred Warwick, of Peckham, who is in appearance so much like the famous cricketer, Dr. W. G. Grace, that whenever he goes to a cricket match he is followed about by an admiring crowd.

ROYAL YACHT COMMANDER.



Captain Colin Keppel, only son of the late Sir Henry Keppel, who yesterday succeeded Rear-Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne in command of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert.—(Elliott and Fry.)

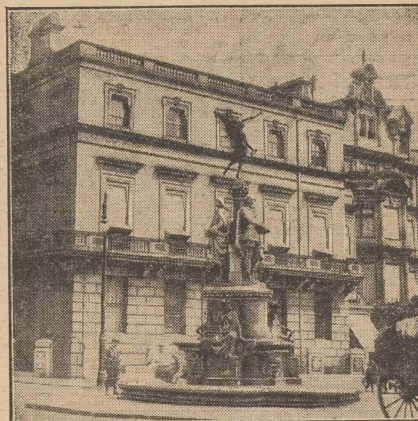
BASTILLE IN SAND AT BROADSTAIRS.



Model of the Bastille in sand, constructed by a French family staying at Broadstairs, in the *Daily Mirror* sand castle competition. It was among the most imposing edifices in the sand city raised on the beach at Louisa Bay, Broadstairs.

EMPTY LONDON: BLINDS

All the great houses in the West End are closed for the



Londonderry House, Park-lane, W., the town house of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.



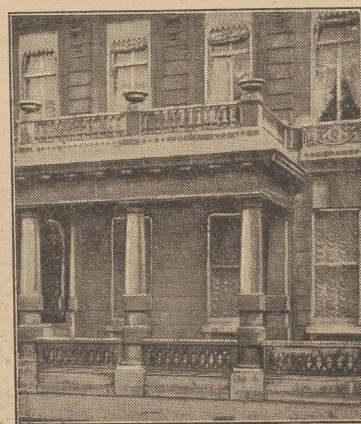
Chelsea House, Piccadilly, the residence of the Earl of Devon.



Derby House, 33, St. James's-square, S.W., where the Earl and Countess of Derby reside when in town.



146, Piccadilly, the residence of Mr. Hamar.



No. 3, Grosvenor-square, S.W., the town house of the Duke and Duchess of Portland.



Seaford House, 37, Belgrave-square, the residence of Mr. Howard.

OWN IN THE WEST END.

season, their owners being in the country or abroad.



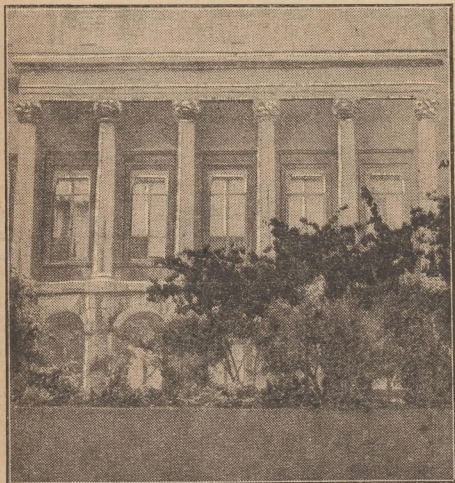
...ace, S.W., the
...ntness Cadogan.



Sunderland House, Curzon-street, Mayfair, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's London residence.



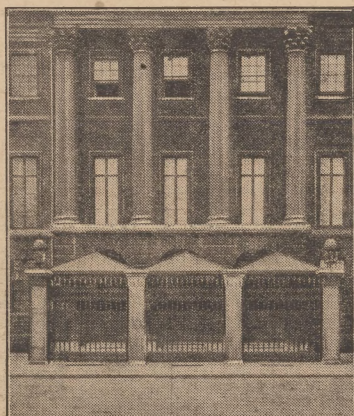
...residence of
...oreen Bass.



Stafford House, St. James's, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland's residence in London.



...W., the residence of Lord
...den.



Apsley House, Hyde Park, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington.

CAMERAGRAPHS

NAVAL CRITIC DEAD.



Sir William Laird Clowes, the well-known naval critic and writer, who has just died at St. Leonards at the early age of forty-nine.—(Elliott and Fry.)

YOUTHFUL HEROINE.



Little Yvonne Leonard, the seven-year-old daughter of Colonel Wilbye Leonard, who displayed remarkable pluck in saving a drowning boy in the Colne, near Watford.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name
Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half a guinea. The group was photographed at Lowestoft. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Light Thrown by Our Readers Upon the Mystery of Death.

TRUE GHOST STORIES.

From a very large number of letters we have received in reply to "Thomas Dubitans's" appeal for actual experiences of spirit communications or appearances we select the following. We shall print more to-morrow and on succeeding days.

"PLANCHETTE'S" PROMISE FULFILLED.

I see you ask for definite first-hand proofs of our communication with the spirits of our dead. I give the following experience, on my oath of its truth.

In May, 1900, I was torn between two duties—my son lay dying in South Africa and entreated me to go to him; my husband, children, and home would be left if I did so.

A friend, knowing nothing of my trouble and doubt called to see me. She believed in our dear dead being able to help and guide us. She had a planchette, and while I stood by and mentally asked what I ought to do, she laid her hands upon planchette, which she placed on a large sheet of white paper.

It started to write at once, and this was its answer:—

Marion, child of God,
Believe, and trust the Lord;
I am now dead, at rest,
Living I loved thee best;
Blest thou by man and child,
Let no sin thee ere beguile,
Trust me to save thy soul,
For ere the battle is won
He will be well.

The planchette, I repeat, was not touched by me, my friend had no clue to my mental question, and knew nothing of my trouble. My son covered, and before the end of the war as promised.

Another time, a little later, I thought circumstances would compel me to take a step of great importance to my children and myself. Before doing so I prayed that I might be granted a definite sign. I prayed that a cross might be signed on my forehead.

No answer was given to this prayer, and I was made a sign.

Some days afterwards I was by the bedside of my little son. Looking up from reading aloud to him I saw clearly traced in blue veins a perfect St. Andrew's cross on his forehead between his eyes. To this day it is still there.

MARTON SCHOENFELD.

Chilren Towers, Wargrave, Berkshire.

AT THE MOMENT OF HER DEATH.

Six years ago a young German girl of sixteen, highly consumptive, was staying with me here in London, and we soon became very much attached to each other.

She was quite conscious of the fact that she had to die very soon, and said to me one day: "If it is ever possible for our spirit I will come to you after I am dead." A few weeks later she went back to Hamburg to her parents, as she was getting worse.

One day I suddenly awoke through the falling of a glass vase from the mantelpiece. I opened the my eyes and saw the girl standing near my bedside, dressed in her white nightgown, and her hair down, as if she were bidding me good-night. She nodded and was waving her hands.

I was so seized with terror that I could neither move nor speak, and the girl walked slowly across the room and vanished.

The next day her brother paid me a visit, showing a telegram announcing the death of his sister the night before, and asking him to go to Hamburg at once to attend the funeral.

(Mrs.) LUISE ZIMMERMAN.

42, Park-avenue South, Hornsey.

THE LESSON OF THE BIBLE.

I think your correspondent T. Turner must be in a joking mood when he states "that the spirits of men cannot return to communicate with those in the flesh," and quotes the Bible as his authority.

Why, that grand old book is simply teeming with instances of spirits having communion with incarnate beings.

Spiritualism teaches more than any creed, dogma, or doctrine, the Loving Fatherhood of God, the Absolute Purity, Brotherhood, and Perfect Love of Christ.

M. SHERWOOD.

Bristol.

TWIN SOULS.

I and my brother were twins. He died in China, and at the hour of his death I saw his apparition in America. Afterwards time and incidents were corroborated.

I am convinced it was a realistic mental photograph of two unusual beings in intense sympathy at the hour of death.

J. EVANS.

Pierceland-terrace, Bristol.

All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallence, whose whole being was wrapped around with the sunny mist of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been ransoming money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him.

Lord Blanquart turned to go, but the ugly voice followed him.

"I have a proposal to make, my lord."

"What is it?"

"I will free you from all liabilities," said Swindover in sharp, staccato tones. "I will make you a rich man for life. I will give you my son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds sterling—if you will arrange a marriage between him and my daughter, Fay."

A low, fierce cry answered him. The old man's eyes flashed. At last Blanquart de Balliol was stung beyond endurance.

He gave the millionaire one glance, up and down, taking in the huge form, the fleshy, coarse, repulsive face, that had turned a sickly grey to the very lips; it was a glance of unfathomable and royal scorn. Then he turned on his heel and left the room.

The financier sent a note to Lord Blanquart saying that he would give him eight days to reconsider his decision. He waited, but received no answer, and his next step was to call upon Sabra Vallence.

He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour, and Sabra asked for time to consider her decision.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

... but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.

"Father," said Fay Swindover, as she withdrew her cool, white fingers, with a note of chilly displeasure in her voice, "how could you have allowed this?" She waved her hand round the room, modernised and exquisitely decorated according to her own designs.

"Why, ain't it as you wanted it?" asked Swindover. "We'll have it changed. I didn't interfere with those French chaps you sent."

"Well, it's tight and it's clean," retorted Swindover, with superciliously raised brows, as if he were some strange and rare specimen. "But it's sheer vandalism. How was I to know? You wrote that you had bought an old barn. I supposed it to be a place that hadn't been inhabited for years. But this! What they must have taken down to put up all this gimcrack modern stuff!"

"Well, it's tight and it's clean," retorted Swindover, with superciliously raised brows, as if he were some strange and rare specimen. "But it's sheer vandalism. How was I to know? You wrote that you had bought an old barn. I supposed it to be a place that hadn't been inhabited for years. But this! What they must have taken down to put up all this gimcrack modern stuff!"

Fay Swindover looked at her father again. This time she did not speak.

"And now tell me what you've been doing with yourself," he said, stepping back and surveying her, with a glint of triumph in his little eyes. "You're a beauty, Fay, that you are, a little to be proud of! And a tip-top—eh, what? Not a bit of your poor mother about you! And you've changed since you've been living in foreign parts, with these high and mighty friends of yours! To think that I haven't set eyes on you for two years. Now, tell me a bit of news. Afterwards I want to have a straight talk about something important. But first I want to hear what you've been doing. Having a good time—eh, what?"

"Yes, thank you," said the girl, as if answering an inquiry from a stranger.

"Good idea of mine, that, sending you to that finishing school in Germany, where you met all those toffs. But you're a flyer; that's what you are. Lots of girls wouldn't have made anything out of it. Where did you come from to-day?"

"From Moon Hall."

"And how's the Duchess?" His smile was ineffable.

"Very well, thanks."

"Well, tell us a bit what sort of life they live—people like that!"

"Really, father," said the girl wearily, "very much like any other life."

(Continued on page 11.)

Test

Buy only a Pure Toilet Soap!
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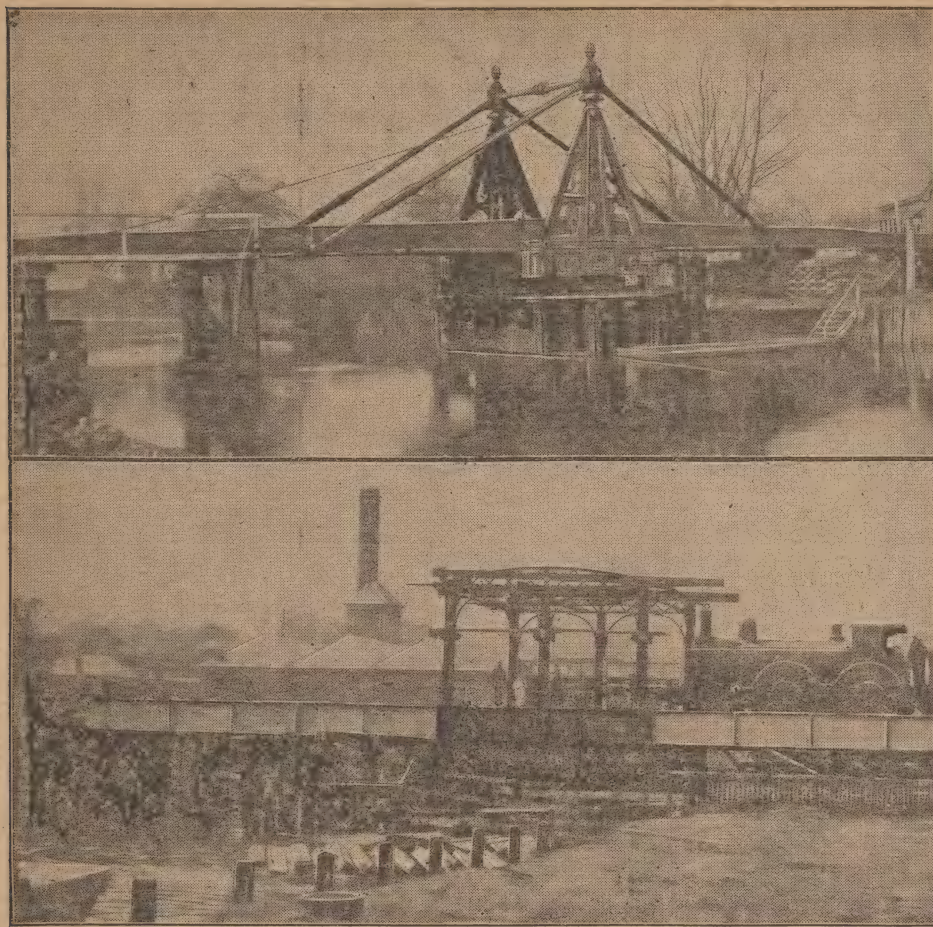
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RAILWAY BRIDGE BUILT IN 33 HOURS.



In place of the old railway bridge shown in the upper photograph the new double track swing bridge photographed beneath it was built over the River Wensum at Norwich, the whole operation of substituting the new structure for the old being performed within the remarkably short time of thirty-three hours. The bridge is on the main route of the Great Eastern Railway from Norwich to London.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

Swindover was torn in two directions. He would have plastered the floor at her feet with diamonds if she would have given him intimate details of the Duchess of Moreton's life, and the part that she played in it; on the other hand, it filled him with the greatest complacency to see that she took it all as a matter of course, that it was the most ordinary, every-day life to her. And she was his daughter; nothing could alter that.

"But last month you were in Germany?" he went on. "I wrote to you there about those pearls. Did you like them, Fay?"

"They are splendid," she answered; "but too heavy to wear. Yes, I was in Marienbad, and before that in Dresden, and with the Zitterfelds in Silesia."

"And last winter you went to Russia with another of those great ladies—eh?"

"Yes." With every moment the girl's voice grew colder. "I went to St. Petersburg with Madame de Zeliidoff."

"She's a Princess, isn't she?"

"No." There was a peculiar change in the faint, bored voice, but it would have been perceptible only to the acutest ear. For one second it trembled. "She is the morganatic wife of one of the Grand Dukes."

"Left-handed sort of thing, ain't it?"

"But Madame de Zeliidoff happens to be also a personal friend of the Empress."

Swindover was getting dazzled, drunk with all this magnificence at second hand. The two red spots burned fiercely in his cheeks; every moment he stroked the ragged tufts of rusty hair on his chin.

"And when you first went away, just before I bought this little place," he asked, his fat voice swollen to an oily torrent of smug self-complacency, "where was that you went to—some little town in Germany, you said it was. You were there for more than six months; some rotten little town I'd never heard of. What was that like?"

"You mean Mirmont," she said. It was obvious that she hated this interrogatory. Every word, every scrap of information had to be dragged out of her.

"Yes. What were you up to there?"

"My great friend, Adèle von Zitterfeld was in attendance at the Court of the Dowager Duchess."

"Well, look here, my girl," said Swindover, almost for the first time in his life consciously moderating his blustering manner, "you've got to settle down at home now for a bit, show yourself, and make a splash. And you'll have to buck up, too! None of this 'Don't touch me or dare to approach me' attitude. I won't have it. You ain't an oyster. You're a remarkably fine-looking young woman, and you've got more money than any girl in England, and you've got to do your duty to your father and go about and dazzle 'em, and talk about all your fine friends, and show this cursed, cheese-paring, close-fisted lot of beggars that calls themselves the county what Sam Swindover can do in the way of making the money fly. Do you hear me—eh, what? I'll have no more turning up of noses—!" He stopped abruptly, with a noisy cough.

"But who turns up their noses, father?" asked Fay, with uplifted brows.

He turned away with clumsy haste.

"I'll go and dress," he said. "That reminds me! My old friend, the Honourable and Reverend Canon Vallance, is coming to dine. You ain't got all the smart friends, my girl. The Canon is a dear old pal of mine. And, mind you, make yourself look as swagger as you can."

"I had arranged," said Fay, "to dine in my own rooms. I am tired."

"Now, look here!" Swindover turned again, and at the sound of his voice, at the sight of his heavy, coarse, mortified face, the faint look of disgust again crossed his daughter's delicate features.

"Very well, father," she said. "I will come down to dinner, if you wish it. Who else is coming?"

"No one," said Swindover, and again he turned towards the door. He laughed aggressively, blatantly. "It's just a little family party, a nice quiet

little evening. I've got the famous Italian fiddler chap and some French actors to amuse you."

Fay Swindover said nothing more on the subject, but, just when her father reached the door, she called to him, speaking as with an effort—

"Father! I want to tell you that I have joined the Roman Catholic Church."

Swindover wheeled round.

"You have, have you? What on earth for? That won't do here, my girl. They're all for rampant Protestantism, as my old friend the Canon calls it. It riles him a bit; he's inclined to be High Church."

"I am afraid I can't help it," replied the girl calmly. "I wanted to tell you because, if I stay here at all, I want my confessor to live in the Castle and a chapel to be arranged for me."

Again Swindover's eye tried to search his daughter's soul.

"Why on earth have you done it? I shouldn't have thought you were religious, Fay."

"Perhaps I am not. But why does one ever change one's faith? Because one thinks the new one better adapted to one's needs."

"Tommy, rot!" exclaimed her father roughly. "You can have all the tomfoolery you like; but don't you go shoving it down people's throats. I had something to say to you, and I may as well say it now. I can spare five minutes before I go and get into my togs. Now listen to me, I've got a husband for you."

Fay's lips, that were like a rather long line of scarlet across the transparent pallor of her face, curled in frank contempt.

"Really, father!" Her laugh was like a cascade of ice. "Oh, one of your own sort!" Swindover went on. "A real swell, my girl. Ever heard of Lord Blaquart de Balliol?"

Fay shook her head. Since she had been her own mistress she had spent all her time on the Continent. She was quite a personage in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, St. Petersburg. She was known in her own merits, solely, as the rich, the very rich English girl

(Continued on page 12.)

Going on Holiday

Advice to Those Who Are Conscious that They Are Suffering from Nervous Exhaustion and Brain-Fag, Showing How They Can Greatly Increase the Benefit and Pleasure of their Vacation.

The enjoyment of a holiday depends on the condition of the holiday-maker. If you feel exhausted, nervous, timid, irritable, languid, and generally out of condition, the first portion of your holiday will be spent in getting over your nervous exhaustion, and will terminate either when or before you are capable of entering into the delights of a holiday. Therefore, take immediate steps to bring your nervous system into a vigorous and healthy condition.

A SUGGESTION TO YOU.

You will get a hundred times more enjoyment out of your period of rest and recreation if before you start, or while

you are away you adopt the treatment with Bishop's Tonules, which will soon put new life, energy, and vigour, not only into your nervous system, but into your whole body. That being so, walking, mountain-climbing, cycling, rowing, cricket, golf, athletics, or any other forms of sport will be a luxury and pleasure instead of an irksome burden.



THE CAUSE OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Nervous exhaustion means that under the strain of business or professional life or social duties, or owing to worry and anxiety, the delicate nerve tissue has been worn away faster than it has been replaced. It must also be remembered that unless your nervous system is rebuilt, no real or permanent cure can be effected. Do not make the mistake of thinking that a general tonic or that stimulants will do for you what you need. Your nerve tissue is worn away, it must be rebuilt, and special nerve nourishment must therefore be provided. That is what is provided in Bishop's Tonules, and that is why they produce such remarkable benefits when they are used.

The best description of Bishop's Tonules is to say that they are nerve food. They nourish the nerves and build up the nerve tissues, so that if you use them the nervous system soon becomes strong and healthy again. Not only so, but by the strength they give the nerves, they enable them to extract from the food further supplies of the elements they have lost, and still further strengthen themselves. Don't you think you had better try Bishop's Tonules?

TAKE BISHOP'S TONULES

It is not pretended that immediately the first Tonule is taken nerve restoration follows, as such a claim would be obviously false and absurd. In the very nature of things, the treatment must take time, but if it be persevered with improvement is certain.

Under the influence of Bishop's Tonules the appetite improves, the assimilation of the food taken is promoted, the liver is stimulated, the flow of bile is increased, and the building up of the tissues is hastened. The various organs and tissues of the body all show improved activity. The eyes become brighter, the complexion more healthy, the thin and nervous gain flesh and flabby flesh becomes firm. The improvement made is real and genuine, because Bishop's Tonules go to the root of the trouble.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

F. G. Russell-square, London, W.C., writes: "I have experienced great benefit from taking Bishop's Tonules. I had a nervous breakdown some two years ago, and although I have been under several specialists and doctors, who did not do me much good, Bishop's Tonules have produced a very marked benefit on my general health, so that I am now able to return to my business in London, which I have been unable to do for some eighteen months. I value Bishop's Tonules very much, as I have benefited greatly by their use, and would like to introduce them to others, who, like myself, hesitate as to trying any remedy, as after paying huge doctor's bills and taking medicine without much benefit, one is inclined to think their case is hopeless. I myself was under nerve specialists for twelve months without any permanent relief until I took Bishop's Tonules."

ON THE BEST TIME

to commence Bishop's Tonule treatment. Therefore send for a trial, which will be sent for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., from Alfred Bishop (Ltd.), 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E., also from chemists' stores at 1s. and 2s. 6d. With every package is enclosed a leaflet on "Nervous Disorders." Alfred Bishop (Ltd.) are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

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BEAUTY ON THE ROAD.

MOTORING APPAREL IN ITS LATEST GUISE.

Many a pleasant holiday will be taken this season in a motor-car, and the attire that is worn by beauty on the road proves that the initial period during which women found it necessary to make themselves look ugly in motor attire has now passed, never to return, leaving in its stead the daintiest and most becoming fashions. Leathers, soft and flexible, silk waterproof that is pretty as well as impervious to dust and rain, alpaca, frieze, and the rest of the materials that are now in favour among fair motorists yield to no other fabrics for beauty and convenience.

Full-length and three-quarter coats are both in favour, but they must be shapely and neat of whatsoever material they are composed. They must be well furnished with pockets, have cuffs to the sleeves, that will be rather close-fitting, and as a rule a high collar, so that the dress worn beneath may be entirely protected, though in some cases the collarless or open neck is preferred with only the protection given by the veil.

Greys, browns, blues, and even reds are seen in leather and silk waterproof-coats, which are the two materials that are the most popular for long-distance drives. The coolness of the grey recommends it; but, on the other hand, some very smart ones are seen in Mazarin, a brown-red shade that is very becoming to many people. Red for the summer looks rather too warm and has a peculiarly

irritating effect upon many individuals, but it is truly effective in the autumn with a background of autumn foliage. Just a touch of scarlet, however, is rather pleasing, and can be obtained by hemming the bands, belts, and cuffs of a brown coat with scarlet suede. White is another very fashionable choice, especially with a white car.

The heavy rainproof tweeds and homespun are practical materials, and are warmer than those of

with buttons, and the coat was lined throughout with soft green taffetas to match the leather.

Tam o' Shaners are being much worn by the smart motorist, but so cleverly are they constructed that they are far removed from the simple shape known so well. In straws of innumerable weaves, in silk, in linen, and even in gingham, the new Tam o' Shaners look very smart, with their wings and jaunty ribbon bows at the side. Small straw



A simple little suit of spotted flannel for a small sea-nymph, with a coarse lace frill round the throat and braid trimmings.



This is an excellent waterproof coat, so constructed that the front of the wearer is absolutely protected against rain and cold. A fastening is cleverly effected beneath one of the folds on the extreme left of the coat.

silk or light-weight waterproof, and by the woman who expects to do much motoring during the autumn will be found most satisfactory. The leather coats are usually lined throughout with soft taffetas cloth or flannel, and in some cases the coat is reversible or the lining is detachable. A pretty coat of this description seen the other day was carried out in green leather, made double-breasted and fastened by handsome buttons of old wrought silver, with a high storm-collar buttoned with straps. There were four pockets, ornamented

hats of the turban and polo shape are made and trimmed especially for the purpose.

The trimmings are not perishable, and, though light and comfortable, the hats can be fastened securely to the head. For touring the visor cap and the marquise shapes are made of black or white patent leather, and each has many variations. A chiffon veil to match the colour of the coat if possible, mousquetaire or gauntlet gloves of heavy leather, and long gaiters of cloth or suede leather complete the smart motorist outfit.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 11.)

of rare character and extraordinary charm who preferred Continental life and society to that of her own country.

"Well, this place belonged to them," Swindover went on. "I bought it from 'em when they were ruined. Peols in business, my girl, but one of the proudest families in the land. There were Blancquarts de Balliol ever since—well, ever since there was anybody. Now, do you understand what I've done for you? It's the son, the Honourable Richard Dangerville you're to marry. And one day—and before very long, or I'm a Dutchman—you'll be Lady Blanquart de Balliol. A viscountess! Ain't that good enough for you?"

"And this young man," said Fay, with a chilly smile, "will get his castle back. Is that it?"

"With enough money to make the family the most powerful in the United Kingdom."

"A nice arrangement. The delicate sarcasm was lost on the millionaire."

"Ain't it?" he asked, eagerly. "Well, you're satisfied, ain't you? I've done well for you haven't I?"

"And does Mr. Dangerville—is that the name—consent to this solution of his family's difficulties?" asked Fay.

"It's only a matter of time," answered her father with conviction.

"Oh, he requires persuasion? He doesn't see the advantage all at once?" Her faint voice was the quintessence of mockery.

"Well, you see, my girl, they think no end of themselves. It's the old lord, the Honourable Dick's father. He's a terror. But it's all right. They'll never hold out long. You'll be my lady before you're many years older."

Fay raised her voice for the first time; it cut the air like steel.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, father," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't consent to this summary disposal of my future. I don't want to marry, and I certainly shall not marry any man to order, even to restore to him his ancestral home."

"Don't be a fool!" roared Swindover. "I can't stop to talk to you now. Of course you'll marry him. Why, you haven't even seen him yet. We'll talk about this later on. Now make yourself smart for dinner."

He stamped out of the room, banging the door

behind him. Fay wearily put her fingers in her ears. When he had gone she sat down again. She unfastened the lace at her throat, and pulled out a diamond chain. Fastened to it was a large oval locket encrusted with the same precious stones. Fay touched a spring, and it flew open.

She held it in front of her eyes, close to her lips. The girl's face was transformed. It was as if ice melted; the thin, bright lips curved into a smile that would have wooed a hermit from his cave.

It was a young man's face that she gazed on, painted in miniature on ivory—a bright, arresting, virile face, with clear eyes, set wide apart, a very fair complexion, and a small fair moustache waxed at the ends. The stiff collar-band with a silver badge, and the helmet on his head, topped by an Imperial eagle, showed that he wore the uniform of one of the crack cavalry regiments of the German army.

The girl pressed the painted face to her lips, held it there as if she would devour it. She caught her breath with a sob.

"Two months before I shall see you again," she murmured in a delirium of longing, "two long, interminable months!"

(To be continued.)

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